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## RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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## Poetry.

### WAR.

Thou blood-eclipse of nations, darkling o'er  
Hopes that were lit by Heaven! Why comest thou,  
When we are winning to the war earth's brow  
The primal lustre which its Eden wore?  
'Tis not, that, wolf-like, thou wilt lap in blood,  
For man is Death's; but, from thy gory hand,  
Leashed Crime and Madness, 'gainst a shrieking  
Are loosed upon their revel. Not for good, [land,  
For virtue, nor for honor, dost thou cry  
Ring through the shuddering valleys, where they  
Will leave heart, hearth-stone—silent, cold and black.

Why should earth's last, fond, fairest hope thus die?  
Not for what now we are, but what may be,  
Leave us to peace and hope, God and our destiny!

### EVENING AT SEA.

The sea had raged the livelong day,  
With pain and fury's throes;  
Now to their couch the waves retire,  
And slumber in repose.

And o'er them the evening's trembling winds  
So gently, gently sweep,  
It is the holy breath of God  
That hovers o'er the deep.

'Tis thus the Lord greets with a kiss  
The sleeping Ocean mild,  
And with a murmured blessing speaks—  
"Sleep tranquilly, sweet child."

## Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

## THE MARTIN FAMILY.

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### CHAPTER X.

On the North side of an irregular square, at the base of the Capatone Hill, stood an old massive building, of vast dimensions. There was something, however, rather gloomy in its appearance, though evincing surprising architectural taste, considering the barbarous age in which it was designed.

Its form was oblong; and its walls were of great thickness, and composed of large, square blocks of stone, cemented together by a mixture of clay and bitumen. Its walls, moreover, were perforated by square holes for the admission of light; while the single door or entrance opened directly on the great square. Along its entire front, as well as sides, extended a magnificent portico, supported by lofty arches, adding much to the external grandeur of the edifice, but bearing evidence of being a supplement from an age more modern and refined in its taste.

The whole exterior aspect of the building was grand, but inspired the mind with feelings of awe rather than admiration, and conducted the thoughts back to a very remote antiquity.

Its interior, which was large and capacious, was encompassed with rows of seats, commencing some distance from the walls, and rising back, one above another, sufficient to accommodate several thousand persons.

Several rows, moreover, of fluted marble columns supported the roof or awning with which it was covered, giving to it the appearance of strength and security, as well as internal grandeur.

In its centre, stood a sort of throne or rostrum. This consisted of several oblong platforms of marble, each three or four feet shorter in length as well as breadth, forming as many steps till the top-most, on which stood a curiously wrought chair, of the finest and purest marble—though very antiquated in appearance.

This was the Roman Forum, or court of justice, built by Romulus, though indebted for most of its external grandeur to Tarquinius Priscus.

For several days past, however, it had been converted into a sort of mock—ecclesiastical court; and it was here that the poor, persecuted Christians were driven, like sheep to the slaughter; and it was upon the fires kept continually burning in the great square outside, that they were piled as so much ready made fuel.

The buildings adjacent, and facing the remaining sides of the square, at this period, were remarkable for nothing except their irregularity, and low, dingy, gloomy aspect. Some of them were used as prisons or dungeons, while most of them were occupied by soldiers of the lowest grade.

But we have referred to the building in question, to introduce the reader to his majesty—the Emperor; and especially to sketch a scene going on within its massive walls.

It is an hour or more after dark. The heavens are again overcast with black, frowning clouds. There is an occasional flash of vivid, sheeted lightning, illuminating the whole hemisphere, followed by low, rumbling thunder in the distance.

The streets, however, are a little more quiet than usual. The shouts and ravings of the Emperor's soldiers and slaves are, perhaps,

neither so loud nor frequent—only because they have become more sly and cunning, and more expert in ferreting out the homes and hiding places of their prey.

But they had been busy during the day; and to-night, thus far, they had been quite successful; and several of the adjoining prisons were crowded with the "cursed sect," men, women, and even little children, awaiting their turn to stand before the mock-tribunal.

The Emperor, himself, moreover, has been equally busy in presiding at their trials, in which he took a special delight; and which, if history does him no wrong, he continued to do even whole days and nights together. At length, however, he had grown somewhat weary and exhausted, and has retired to his Palace to obtain some refreshment. But his return is every moment expected.

In the mean time, the lighted hall has been rapidly filling up with anxious and excited spectators, while thousands are assembling outside, filling up the great square with a dense mass of furious, boisterous citizens, of all ages, sexes, and classes. Some, impatient of delay, are calling for victims, while others are busy piling the crackling fires with fresh, dry fuel, or stirring up the glowing embers with the points of their long spears.

It requires, however, but a glance at the faces of the crowds filling up the seats in the interior, to see that various emotions are agitating their breasts—that all, at least, had not been drawn to witness a spectacle of revolting, barbarous injustice, through curiosity, or for the purpose of satiating the feelings of depraved and revengeful hearts. Al! no!—While the masses are talking, jeering, and indulging in fits of boisterous laughter, as though assembled to witness some mythical show or obscene drama; others are sitting, silent and pensive, while the evidences of a deep, anxious sorrow are plainly visible in their pale, haggard features. Yes—there are, here and there in the crowd, yearning, anxious, bleeding hearts. Fathers and mothers, perhaps, in disguise, are there, to catch, if possible, the last look of a fondly loved child; or children, the plying eye of their parents, rudely torn away from their embrace.

But immediately in front of the pyramidal throne, is the most pitiable sight of all. There, seated in rows, upon blocks of marble, is a score or more poor Christians, men and women, under a guard of soldiers. Some, with pale and haggard features, are gazing intently at the marble floor, thinking, it may be, of children and friends; while others, with eyes closed, and calm, brightening faces up-turned to heaven, are thinking of a home afar in the azure depths and whither the spirits are expecting soon to wing their flight.

Then, directly before them, on the first step of the platform, are placed the images of several heathen Deities, as if to mock and tantalize those poor sufferers for the sake of Christ.

Hush! hush!—The Emperor! the Emperor! In a moment, every eye is turned towards the door or entrance. All is silent—save the involuntary sighs, or half-suppressed ejaculations proceeding from the group in front of the throne.

There he is! the Emperor—sure enough, surrounded by his life-guard, fierce, savage looking monsters.

He is advancing slowly along the great broad aisle, paved with slabs of marble, and lined on either side by rows of gigantic, towering columns. Four of the guard are a few paces in advance, the same number support his right and left, while the remainder follow close behind, with slow, measured step.

He has now seated himself in the elevated marble chair, his numerous guard occupying the successive steps, facing on all sides of the vast interior. Their right hands are grasping firmly the hilt of their swords, while their long, glittering spears are resting on the inside of their left shoulders.

Now, if you please, take a look at the Emperor himself. There he is—directly before you—and you may read the man at your leisure.

No exception can be taken to his dress. It is certainly princely. His robe is long, ample, and flowing, glittering with the rarest gems, and reflecting from its folds every variety of the richest oriental hues.

Nor can any fault be found with the crown that sits snugly and gracefully on the head.—It is the same which had graced the brow of the Caesars through a long and illustrious succession.

Perhaps, however, some exception might be taken to the Emperor's person and visage, which, to say the least, impress the mind with no very exalted ideas of either intellectual or moral worth.

His person is slender and lean, his limbs crooked and meanly formed, even to his finger ends, the joints of which are enlarged, while the nails are crimped and yellow.

His head, in a general way, is ill shaped, as if to correspond, as far as possible, with the rest of him. The forehead is low, falling abruptly away an inch or two only above the brows, which are covered with long, shaggy hair, hanging down over a pair of small, grey, bleary eyes, surrounded by red, scalded-looking lashes. In fact, the whole face, such as it is, seems to have pushed the contents of the

cranium into a huge projection behind, and which is covered only with a few long, scattered, grey hairs, in common with the rest of the head.

The ears, moreover, are alarmingly long and broad, and stick out from the bare, lumpy, bony sides of the head as if designed, in his case, for a pair of wings; and looking at the long, slender, shrivelled neck, there is a feeling of uneasiness, lest the head should actually fly off from the body.

And then, when he speaks, which is always in a low, soft, feminine voice, there is a curl of the lips and fawning sort of grin in the features, discovering, at the same time, a set of long, yellow teeth.

This, reader, is not altogether a caricature, however much the finer feelings of delicacy may revolt at the picture. Kings and Emperors are not always great in proportions, as they are great in name and lineage; nor dignified in appearance and mainly in bearing, according to their rank and elevation in the world. The mere circumstances of birth and royalty have, in all ages, filled most of the thrones of nations; and it has been their misfortune to fill them, too often, with persons as deficient in body as they have been in capacity. This was mournfully the fact about this period in Rome. The immediate successors of Augustus were mere caricatures—living only for their appetites, and relinquishing their thrones for a premature death, brought on by their own, or the vices of their ancestors.

Nor is this all of our Emperor. He must also be viewed in his private, domestic relations.

And here, instead of finding the grateful son, the affectionate father, and the fond, loving husband, spreading joy and happiness around him, his character is blackened with every odious, unnatural crime. Childish petulance, and a low, mean jealousy, have, as already intimated, put his wife and mother to death; his fits of furious anger have driven his children from him; while his nearest relatives and most confidential friends approach him with trembling.

Then, this private development of character has taken a wider sweep, and philosophers and statesmen have alike fallen before it. A Seneca has been put to death, and scores of Senators, as well as many of the Roman nobility have shared a like fate.

This is the bloody Nero—this poor, diminutive creature—whose inglorious reign so precipitated the declining glories of the Empire; and of whom it has been justly chronicled, that "every act of his life was an outrageous, horrid crime;" and who, as all history concedes, burnt two-thirds of Rome, and then blamed it upon the Christians, only that he might have an opportunity of witnessing fresh deeds of cruelty, torture, and death.

But who are these Christians?—this little group of joyous mortals, now seated in the presence of this bloody tyrant, as stated?—who have unfortunately fallen under his displeasure; yea—whom kings and Emperors, in later times, have combined to crush.

They were the disciples and followers of one Jesus of Nazareth. And who is this? Such a question, volumes would scarce suffice to answer. It must do, however, to say, that he was born in Judea, lived a poor man, and died a martyr's death.

As was a great teacher, however; and, among many other marvelous things which he said and done, he taught a strange and wonderful doctrine.

He told of another life and world, beyond the gloomy vale of death, where there were no aching heads nor bleeding hearts; where there was no sickness, nor sorrow—whose fields were perpetually green, whose flowers never faded, and whose sun never set in darkness, and where decrepity was renewed in to all the unchanging loveliness of youth.

Then, he told of what must be done here, in order to get there—how men must repent and believe, do good, love mercy, and walk humbly with God; and, if needs be, rejoice in tribulation, suffer the loss of all things, and brave death in any, or all of his horrors.

These things, great multitudes in Rome had rejoiced to know and believe; and had set themselves earnestly about the doing of those things which were required, in order that, at death, they might go to this strange, happy world.—And they called them Christians, or by way of reproach—Nazarenes.

To be continued.

AN INCIDENT.—A lady entered a dry goods store in—street, and expressed a desire to see some wool De Laines. The polite clerk, with elegant address showed her a variety of pieces of fine texture and choice coloring.—After tossing and examining to her heart's content, she observed, "the goods are part cotton, sir." "My dear madam," returned the shopman, "these goods are as free from cotton as your breast is—" (the lady stares) "free from guile," he added.

A young lady says: "When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe. But when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves"—A pretty home-thrust—wonder how many that cap fits?

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Albany Register.]

A "Right-Hander" Badly Invented.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," said a fast young man, with a large pressed brick in his hat, as he surged up to the Indian that stands in front of Van Cott's tobacco store, in Broadway, with a bunch of cast-iron cigars, in his hand. "I'll take one, I smoke sometimes," and he reached out to take the proffered weed, but the Indian wouldn't give it up; he hung on to the cigars like grim Death. "Look here, old copperhead," said the fast young man, "none of that; no tricks on travelers, or else there'll be a mass, you and I'll fall out; somebody'll get a punch in the head." The Indian said never a word, but held on to the cast-iron cigars. He was calm, dignified, unmoved, as an Indian should be, looking his assailant straight in the face, and no muscle moving a single hair. "Yeat yeat look at me, old featherhead! I'm one of 'em! I'm around, I'm full weight, potato measure, heaped," and he placed himself in a position, threw back his coat, and squared for a fight. All the time the Indian said never a word, looked without the least alarm, unwinkingly straight into the face of the fast young man, still holding out the cigars in a night friendly sort of a way. The young man was plucky, and just in a condition to resent any sort of insult or sort of insult at all. He was ready to go in, but the calmness and imperturbability of the Indian rather cowed him, and he was disposed to reason the matter. "I'll take one," said he, "certainly. I said so before. I freeze to a good cigar; I'm one of the smokers. My father was one of the smokers, he was; one of the old sort, and I'm edition number two, revised and corrected with notes, author's handwriting on the title-page, and copyright secured. Yes, I'll take one. All right, old redskin, I'll take one." But the Indian said not a word, all the time looking straight in the face of the fast young man, and holding on to the cigars.

"Look here, old gimlet-eye, I'm getting riled, my back's coming up, and you and I'll have a turn; smell of that, old copperhead," and he thrust his fist under the nose of the cast-iron Indian, who said not a word, moved not a muscle, but kept right on looking straight into the face of the fast young man, as if not caring a fig for his threats or taking in at all the order of his fist. "Very well," said the fast young man, "I'm agreeable—I'm around; look to your ugly mug, old pumpkin head; and he let go a right-hander square against the nose of the cast-iron Indian, who never moved an inch nor stirred a muscle—looking with calm unchanged dignity, as before, in the face of his enemy. "Hallo," cried the fast young man, in utter bewilderment, as he reeled back half-way across the sidewalk, with the blood dripping from his skinned knuckles; "Hallo!—here's a go—here's an eye-opener—here's a thing to hunt for round a corner. I'm satisfied old iron-face, I am. Enough said between gentlemen." Just then he caught a sight of the tomahawk and scalping knife in the belt of the savage, and his hair began to rise. The Indian seemed to be making up his mind to use them. "Hold on!" cried the fast young man, as he dodged round the awning-post; "Hold on—none of that—I apologize—I squat—I knock under. Hold on, I say," he continued, as the Indian seemed to scowl with peculiar fierceness, "Hold on! Very well, I'm off—I've business down the street—people are hum waiting for me—can't stay!" and he bolted like a quarter horse down Broadway, and his cry of "Hold on!" died away as he vanished beyond the lamp-lights up Columbia street.

The Childhood of a Distinguished Man.

Captain Collins, was celebrated in the family circle for his pugnacious propensities, when still quite a youngster. Cups, saucers and plates disappeared before him like mists before a morning sun, or any other simile you please. His greatest pleasure was to build a town of cards, or little blocks, and then throwing up a cup or bowl with the true parabolic curve, let it fall—smash into the place of attack and shiver it into ruins. On such occasions he would cry out: "That's the way to shell 'em!" thus evincing, as did the great Napoleon at the same age, his predilection for warlike deeds. When at school, his greatest pleasure was in placing a chip on his hat and asking any boy to—"Knock it off if you dare!" If the boy dared, he would instantly demand an indemnity in the shape of a tart or apple, failing which, he would immediately proceed to "give him Greytown," if we may be allowed the expression. We need not say that his career since has justified the early anticipations of his friends, founded upon such demonstration of the warriors' talent.—N. Y. Picayune.

KNOWLEDGE.—It was this that raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of his country: that took Sherman from the shoe-maker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the first of mathematicians, and Herschel, from being a poor sifter's boy, in the army, to a station among the first astronomers. It is the true Philosopher's stone—the true alchemy that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the scepter that gives dominion over nature: the key that unlocks the store-house of creation, and opens the treasures of the Universe.

## WINTER.

Bleak winter has again stretched abroad his snowy mantle, and pinned it with an icicle.—The trees, upon which the Autumn Queen so lately set her gorgeous seal, are now sere and leafless, bowing their rifted heads before the cold bleak blasts that whistle fitfully through their naked branches, moaning a requiem for their departed grandeur. The snow king, from his lofty throne in the cloudy canopy, scatters abroad his fleecy messengers, to be borne on the swift pinions of the gale until the trees and shrubs, the hills and the meadows shall be covered with an ice-gemmed robe of silvery whiteness. But there is still life in Nature, though the cold dark storms and snowy shroud of winter have made her desolate and apparently dead. The gentle Spring will revive her verdure and deck her with the beauty of buds and flowers, while the breath of heaven will blow with paternal softness over the infant year, and the heart of man will be blessed and strengthened in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

But the season of clouds and storms, though all things seem cold and desolate, is not without its enjoyments. It is then that the social feelings receive a new impulse, for the very cold that makes one shiver, gives a kindly thaw to the finer feelings and susceptibilities of the heart. There is no other season of the year when the family circle is so closely united and so happy. Well might Cowper exclaim—

"I crown the king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

But to many it is also a season of sorrow, sadness and distress. 'Tis then that the poverty stricken children of toil, experience the want of many of the comforts and necessities of life. If at this season, we visit the haunts of poverty, we may behold with the gifted Miss Landon,

—the scanty meal  
With small pale faces round;  
No fire upon the cold damp earth,  
When snow is on the ground."

It is the duty of those, who have been gifted with a "goodly share of this world's goods," to alleviate the wants of the poor sons of misfortune, and to distribute liberally of their store to the stricken children of poverty shivering for want of clothes to cover their nakedness, in cold, bleak winds of winter.—It is one of the peculiar blessings of this season of the year, that it affords such excellent opportunities to those blessed with wealth and prosperity, to relieve the wants of the suffering poor. Remember that charity ever finds in the act its reward; and let it be said of yours, that

—For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping."

Ladies.—Fashion.—Consumption.

It is a melancholy fact that nearly one-fifth of the deaths annually reported in our bills of mortality, are ascribed to diseases of the lungs, and these we are told are owing to the vicissitudes of our climate, and are beyond remedy. Now, instead of ascribing these deaths to the unjustly censured climate of America, we have no hesitation in asserting that two-thirds of them are attributable to "the fashion!" Do not start reader, but stop to examine the subject and you will undoubtedly come to the same conclusion.

As long as young ladies will walk abroad in mid winter, their feet clad only in thin-soled slippers, and their delicate throats exposed to the cold inclement atmosphere, so long will they continue exposed to the horrors of violent colds—short coughs—bronchitis—consumption—and death! Females are too delicately reared. They are treated like tender exotics, housed up in summer from the beams of the sun lest it should temporarily mar their complexion, and in winter from the cold fresh air, lest their cheeks should bloom with the vulgar rose of health! But, it may be asked, why do so many young men also die from diseases of the lungs? We answer, simply because they inherit a predisposition to consumptive complaints from the feeble constitution of their mothers! A constrained posture, garments unsuited to the season, and tight lacing, together with numerous other equally injudicious practices, have ruined the constitutions of their mothers, and as a necessary consequence, the penalty, or at least a portion of it, must be visited upon their children.

Winter is again here, and we hope that our fair readers will show by their conduct that they prefer health to fashion and disease, and wear shoes that will effectually protect the feet from the damp and cold.

"Lady wrap thy cloak around,  
Pale consumption's in the sky."

Here is a very beautiful thought of that strange compound of Scotch shrewdness and common sense, and German mysticism, or un-common sense—Thomas Carlyle. "When I gaze in the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent space, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius, and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar! 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'"

The Liberty Society is now in full blast. Question for discussion: If a man builds a corn crib, does that give him a right to crib-corn?

## An Internal Retort.

In a small town in one of the counties of Ohio, a stranger rode up to the door of a tavern, and having dismounted, ordered a stall and oats for his horse. A crowd of loafers—that class of independent citizens who are never equal to the decent men except on election day—swarmed about the bar-room door and steps, waiting to be invited to the counter.—Among this crowd the stranger's business was at once a subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow, more impudent than the rest, made free to enquire of the traveller what occupation he followed; to which the latter replied, that his business was a secret for the present, but that he would probably make it known before leaving the town.

Having spent a day or two looking round, visiting the places where whisky was sold, and making various enquiries as to the amount retailed, the number of habitual drunkards in the place; the number of dogs kept by men, whose children never went to school or had enough to eat—after, in short, making a complete moral inventory of the town, he concluded to leave, and having mounted his horse was about to be off, when his inquisitive friend urged on by his associates, stepped up and said: "See here, Captain, you promised to tell us your business before you left, and we'd like to hear from you on that point."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm an Agent for the Devil—I'm hunting a location for him, and am glad I've found a place where it will not be necessary to remove the present inhabitants."

## Vermont.—A Model State.

Firstly, there is not a public, legalized tippling house in the State. Instead of licensing men to sell poison to their fellow men, the sale of rum is made by law what it always is in fact—a crime.

Secondly, there are neither cities nor soldiers, nor a fort, in the State, though the citizens when called upon, are the best soldiers in the world. Who has not heard of Molly Stark's men of the Revolution, or the Green Mountain boys a later date.

There is not a theatre, circus, opera house, public museum, or any other great show shop in the State, and whoever heard of a Vermont mob?—Without fighting-rum, how could they have mobs? There is no record of a Vermont murder these ten years; and her penitentiary is a small one.

There are no slaves in the State, nor any, except a few dough-faces who fellowship slave owners.—There are railroads, but no Wall streets, and no great railroad defaulters. There are no seaports, no arrivals of emigrants except the few scattering from Canada, and hence no monstrous corruptions at the ballot box. There are no banks that do not pay what they promise, and no millions spent at the State Treasury to support an army of idle loafers.

There is in Vermont a nation of hardy mountaineers; athletic men and handsome women; a great community of honest industrious farmers cultivating a fruitful soil, and enjoying the rewards of a peaceful industry.—Tribune.

## Where do Plants Come From.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the vessel was then moistened with soft water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown into the pot, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of holes suitable for free admission of pure air only.—After growing in the earth for five years, the willow tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces. The leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed. It was discovered to have lost only two ounces of its original weight.—Thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lign or woody fibre, bark, etc., were certainly produced from the air.

## The Body of Madame Sontag.

A little while ago, the Countess Rossi stood before the world for their admiration and applause, and now her decomposed body lies in a neglected coffin, with none so poor to do it reverence. After her death, it was resolved it should be carried to Europe; but poor Madame's husband came away and left it to be sent by any chance conveyance; the woman was no longer of any use to him. A letter from Vera Cruz states that the body was lately brought to that city from Mexico, by one of the common carriers of the country, being valued on his invoice \$200, like any common package. At Vera Cruz it was at first placed in the church of St. Augustine; but it was soon found offensive, and was taken to a deserted church outside the town, to await there till some ship captain could be found who would consent to take it into his vessel for passage across. But as yet no such man has been found. And so the remains of one so followed and flattered, still lie in the old deserted church.—If any of her children had been with her in this country, such a story as this would not be told to-day.